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CErtaine others C–PV *hath admoniſhed me, which*
I correct thus 59735–42
Doctor Willets Cent *6.*
Read Caluin at the *but not at the 10. p. 16.*

CEing that he is *in mine eie. When he hath*
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9.1

A MEDITATION VPON THE XXIIth Chapter of GENESIS.

By H. W.

IN *this wonderfull* Piece *of* Sacred Story, *Behold the* Father *of the* Beleevers, *at extreame* Age *surprized* (*as it should seeme by the Circumstances of the* Text) *in his Bedd by a Commandement from* God, *to sacrifice his*

 onely

onely Sonne; *In which case* All *the Powers of his* Minde *being ſodenly ſhaken with an infinite combat betweene* Faith *and* Nature; *wee may vpon the whole matter conceiue* Him *to haue broken foorth into ſome ſuch* Diſcourſe *with Himſelf, as followeth.*

WHat? *Could this poſſibly bee the voice of* God *which I heard? Or haue not rather ſome ſtrange Impreſſions of the* Night *deluded my* Fancie? *Yea,* Thy *voice it was* (My God) *It was* Thy *voice. How can* Thy *humble* Servant *denie it? with whom ſeven times before deſcending from the* Throne *of* Thy Glory, *Thou haſt vouch-*

ſafed

ſafed even to commune in this Vale *of* Teares.

When Thou *didſt firſt call me out of the darkeneſſe of my Fathers Houſe into* Thy *ſaving* Light; *When* Thou *didſt often cheriſh and encourage mee in the Stepps of my Pilgrimage; When* Thou *didſt furniſh mee with Plenty, and Crowne me with Victorie in a ſtrange* Land; *When laſtly Thou didſt even overlade my feeble* Age *with* Ioy *in a rightfull* Heire *of mine owne Body; was I forward at all theſe times to acknowledge Thee the* God *of my Support and Comfort? And ſhal I now queſtion* Thy *Voice, when Thou demandeſt but a part of thine owne* Benefits? *No, (My*

deare Isaac) although the Heavens know how much I love Thee: yet, if Thou wert, or couldst be Millions of times more precious in the eyes of Thy trembling Father: I would summon together all the Strength of mine aged Lymnes to render Thee vnto that gracious God from whom I had Thee. Alas (poore Boye) how sweetly Thou slumbrest, And in Thy harmeles Bed doest little thinke what change is towards Thee. But I must disturbe Thy Rest. Isaac arise, and call vp my Servants; Bidd thē prepare for a Iourney which we are to make vnto the Mount Moriah, And lett some Wood bee carried for the burning of a Sacrifice. Meane while I will walke

out

out a little by my selfe to contemplat the declining Starres, *and approch of the* Morning.

O yee Ornaments of the Skie, *who when all the World is silent ô-bey your* Maker *in the determinat Order of your* Motions. *Can* Man *behold his owne dutie in a fai-rer* Volumne? *Why then stand I gazing heere, and doe not ra-ther goe my* Selfe *to hasten my* Ser-uants, *that I may execute his* will? *But stay:* His VVill? VVhy? *Is His* VVill *contrary to the Exam-ple of his owne* Iustice? *Did* He *not heavily punish* Caine *even at the beginning of the first* VVorld *for killing but a* Brother? *And can I slay my* Childe *and imbrue*

my hands in mine owne Bowels without offence of His Immortall Maiestie? Yes? VVhy *not. The* Act *of* Caine *was the* Act *of his owne sinnefull malice: But I have receiued an immediate* Command *from* God *himselfe. A* Command? VVhy? *Is his* Command *against his* Law? *Shal the* Fountaine *of all* Truth *be serued with* Contradictions? *Did not the same* God *streight after the vniuersall* Deluge (*as our* Fathers *haue told vs*) *denounce this* Iudgement; *That* VVho so sheddeth Mans Bloud, His Bloud shall be shedde? *How then can I herein obey my* God, *But I must withall disobey* Him?

O my weeke Soule; *what poore* Arguments *doeſt thou ſearch to cover thine owne rebellious* Affections. *Is there any* VVarrant *higher then* His VVill? *Or any better* Interpreter *of* His VVill *then* Himſelfe? *If the* Princes *of the* Earth (*who are but mortall* Types *of* His inviſible Glory) *can alter their* Edicts *at pleaſure*; *Shall not the* Lord *of the* whole (*whom* Angells *and* Men *adore*) *haue leaue to diſpence with His owne* Prohibitions? *Yes ſurely: But then how ſhall the Bleſſing that my Good God hath determined vpon my Soule, and euen vpon this very* Child *be accompliſhed, if I deſtroy the* Roote? *O* Lord, *was not*

Thy

Thy *Diuine Goodneſſe pleaſed in the depth of Thy* Mercie *to accept my* Beleefe *for* Righteouſneſſe? *And ſhall I now fruſtrate Thy* Promiſes *with my Obedience? But what? Am I fallen againe into a new* Reluctation? *Haue I before conteſted with Thy* Iuſtice? *And ſhall I now diſpute Thy* Power? *Didſt* Thou *not create the* Light *before the* Sunne? *And the* Effect *before the* Cauſe? *And ſhall I binde* Thee *to the* Paſſions *of a naturall* Agent? *Didſt* Thou *not make this* All *of* Nothing *euen by Thy* word (*which was Thy* VViſdome) *And foment* All *that* Thou *haſt made, by Thy* Spirit (*which is Thy* Love?) *And ſhall I doubt but* Thou *canſt raiſe*

raiſe innumerable Nations *out of the very* Aſhes *of my poore* Iaac? *Nay, Did I not even at firſt receive* Him *in a manner from a dead* VVombe? *And art not Thou ſtill the ſame* Almighty *and everliving* God? *Mercifull* Father, *full of all tenderneſſe and compaſſion, That ſeeſt from* Heaven *whereof we are made; Pardon my* Diſcourſes, *and forget my* Delaies. *I am now going to performe* Thy *good* Pleaſure. *And yet there is remaining one humble* Suite: *which refuſe not (O my* God) *though it proceede from the weakeneſſe of* Thine *unworthy* Creature. *Take my* Child, *and* All *that is* Mine. *I haue reſigned* Him *with my whole* Heart *unto*

Thy VVill. Hee *is already* Thine, *and* Mine *no longer*; *And I glory that* He *shall* Die *upon Thy* Holy Altar. *But yet I feare withall, That these my shaking Hands and fainting Limbes will be seazed with Horror. Be not therfore (Deere Lord) displeased, if I vse my* Servants *in the* Execution. *How now (My* Soule*) Doest Thou shrinke in the last* Act *of Thy* Loyaltie? *Can I yet walke vp and down about vile and ordinary* Functions? *And when my* God *is to be serued, do my Joints and Members faile me? Have I humbled my desires to his* VVill? *And shall I denie* Him *the choice of* His *own* Instrument? *Or if* His *indulgent* Mercy *would permit it,*

shall

ſhall I ſuffer another to anticipate the cheerfulnes of my Obedience? *O* Thou *great* God *of* Life *and* Death! *Who mighteſt have made Mee an inſenſible* Plant, *A* Dead Stone, *Or a* Poiſonous Serpent *And yet even in That likewiſe I ſhould have conduced to the varietie of* Thy *glorious* VViſdome: *But haſt vouchſafed to endue vs with the forme of Man, and to breath into our firſt* Parent *that ſparke of* Thy Divine Light *which we call* Reaſon, *to comprehend and acknowledge therewith* Thy High *and indiſputable* Soueraignty *over all* Nature, Thou *then* (Eternall Maker *and* Mover, *whoſe* VVill *is the Firſt of* Cauſes, *and whoſe* Glory *is the Laſt of* Endes) *direct*

my Feete *to the* Place *which* Thou *haſt appointed, Strengthen there theſe poore Hands to accompliſh* Thy Pleaſure, *And let* Heaven *and* Earth *obey* Thee.

LONDON,
Printed by *A. M.* for *George Baker*,
1631.

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